

MONKEY TALE

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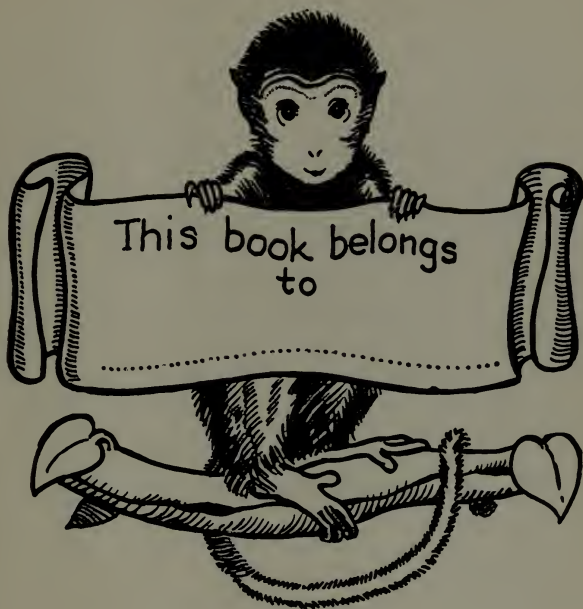
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A MONKEY TALE





A MONKEY TALE

by
Hamilton Williamson

Pictures by
Bertha and Elmer
Hader



New York
Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

JW 677 m



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Dedicated by the author
to little
Mary Gamble Meriwether



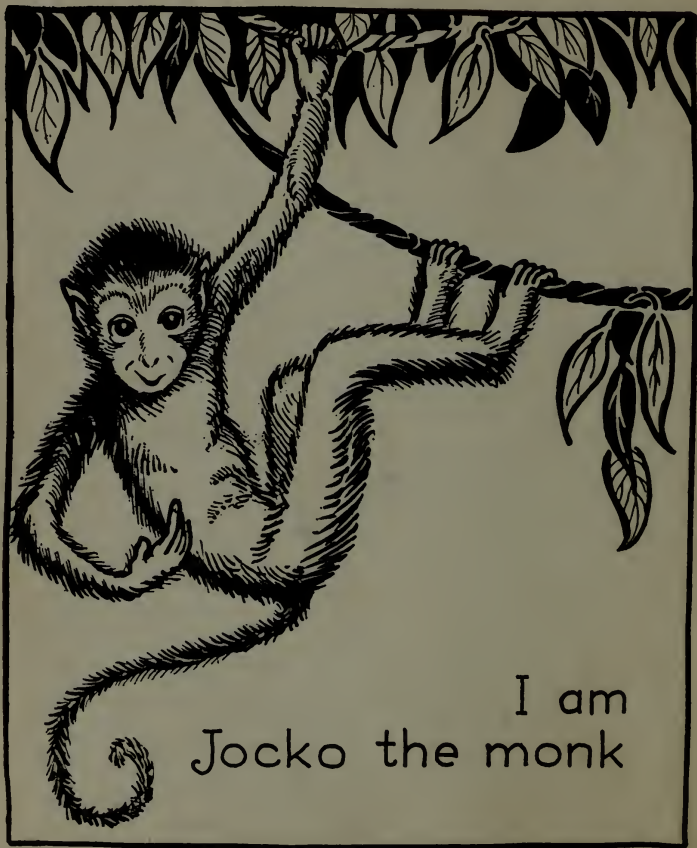
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MAR 10 1938



A
MONKEY
TALE





I am
Jocko the monk

I make my bow to you.
I wave my tail and
I screech.



The very first thing I
remember my mother
saying to me was :
"Be a good boy, Jocko,
and always screech,"





and I told her I would--

that I'd screech for
help when I needed it,
and screech to warn
the jungle people-----





when danger was about.

The jungle is a warm,
damp place, full of
tall trees jammed
together

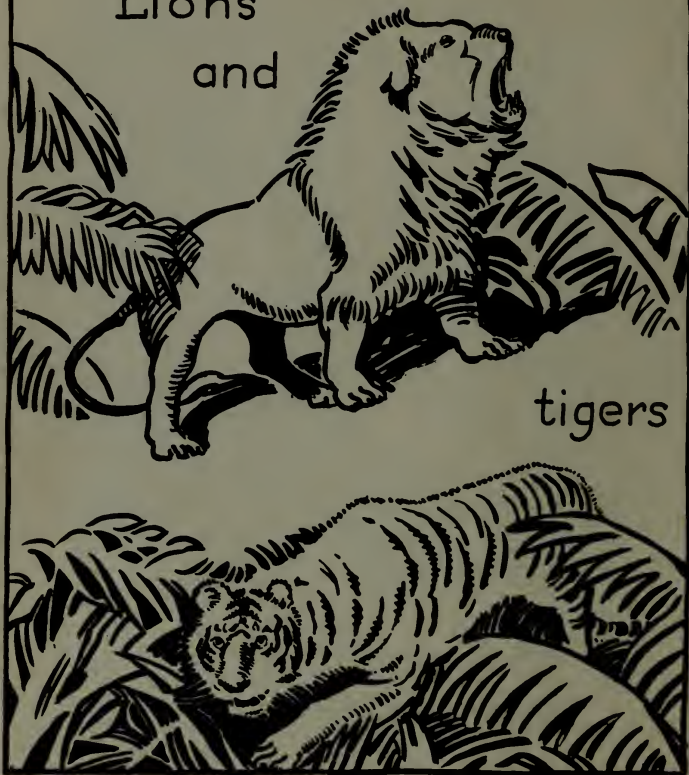




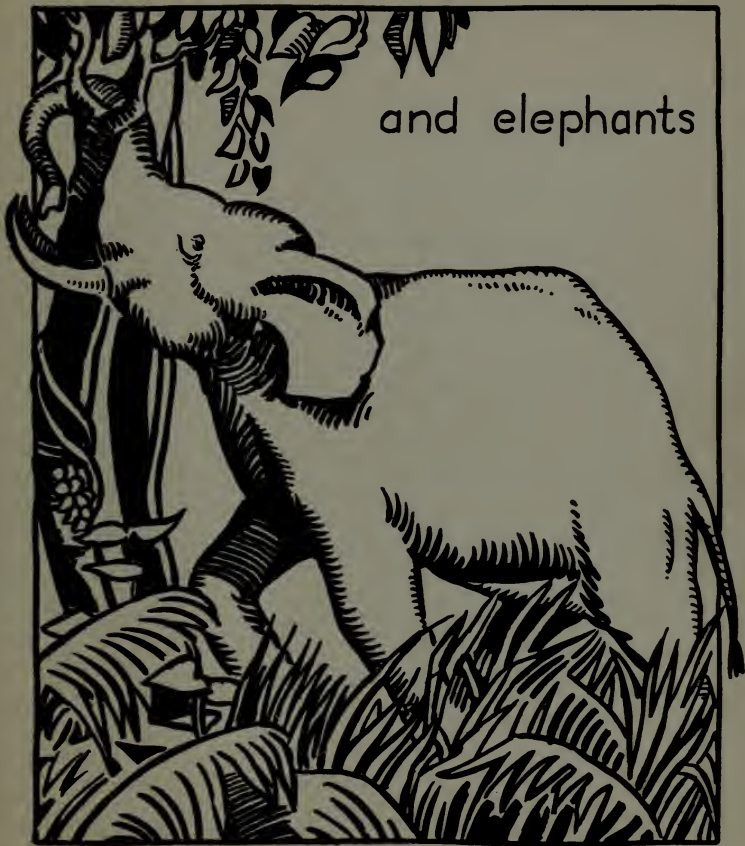
and vines growing
over everything.

Lions
and

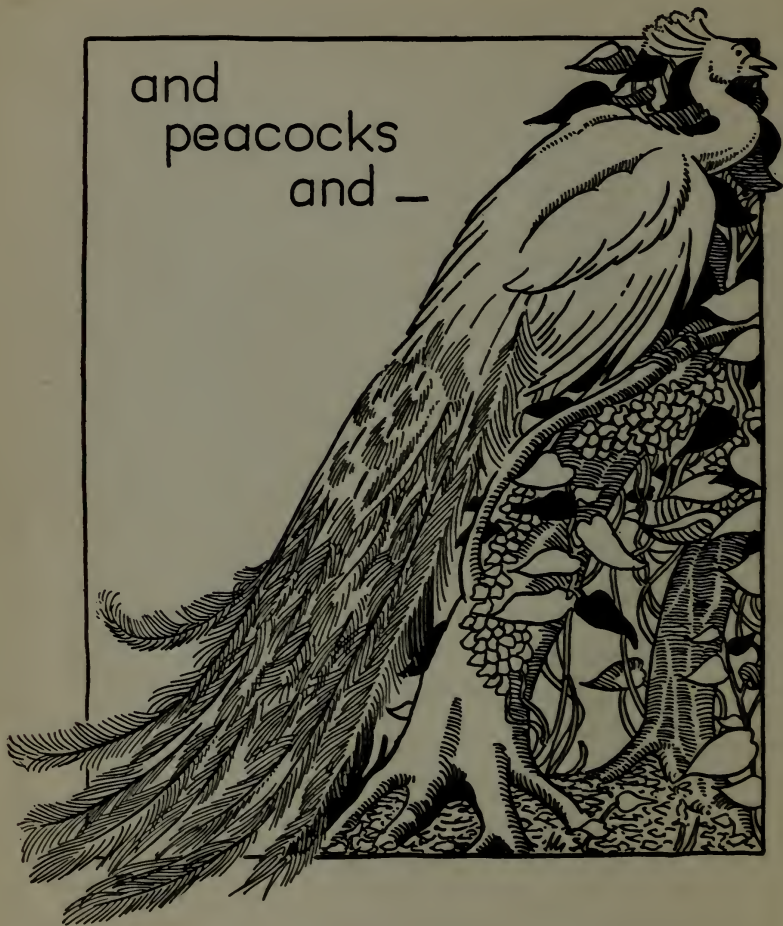
tigers



and elephants



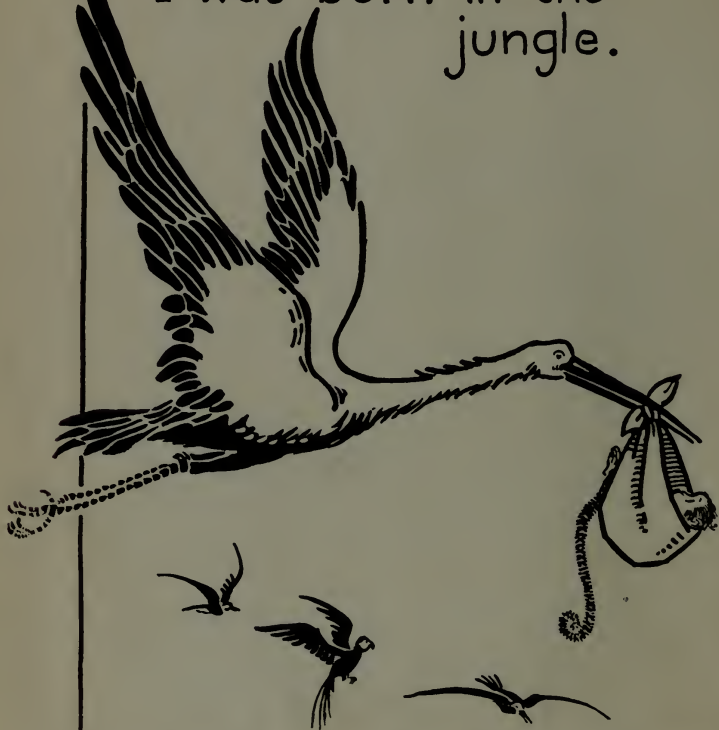
and
peacocks
and —





lots of other things
live in it.

I was born in the
jungle.





I love it.

Did I say there were
crocodiles there ?





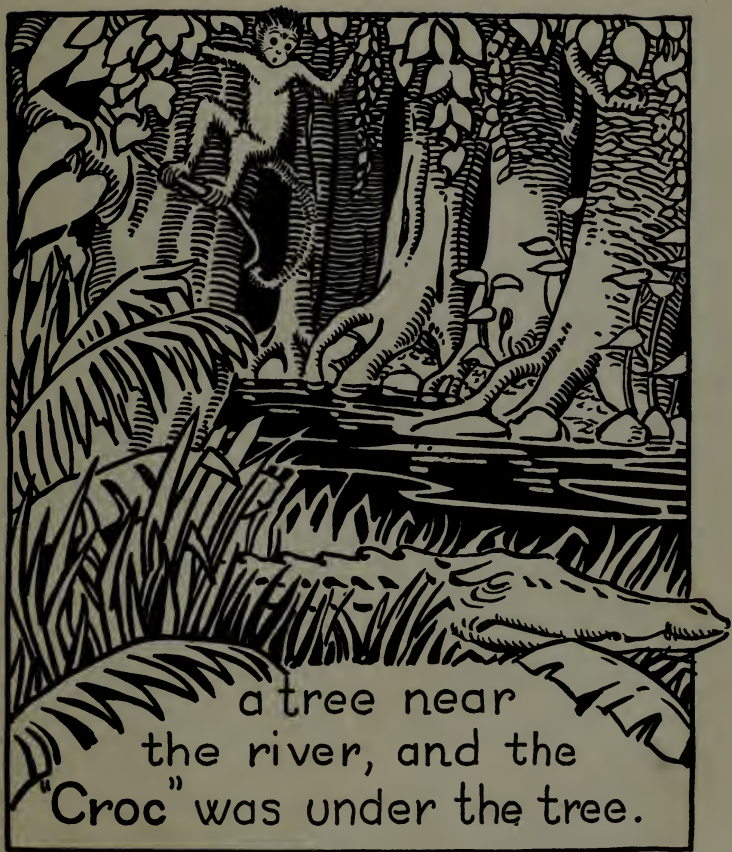
THERE ARE.



I'll never forget the
first time I saw a
great big **Crocodile.**

I was in

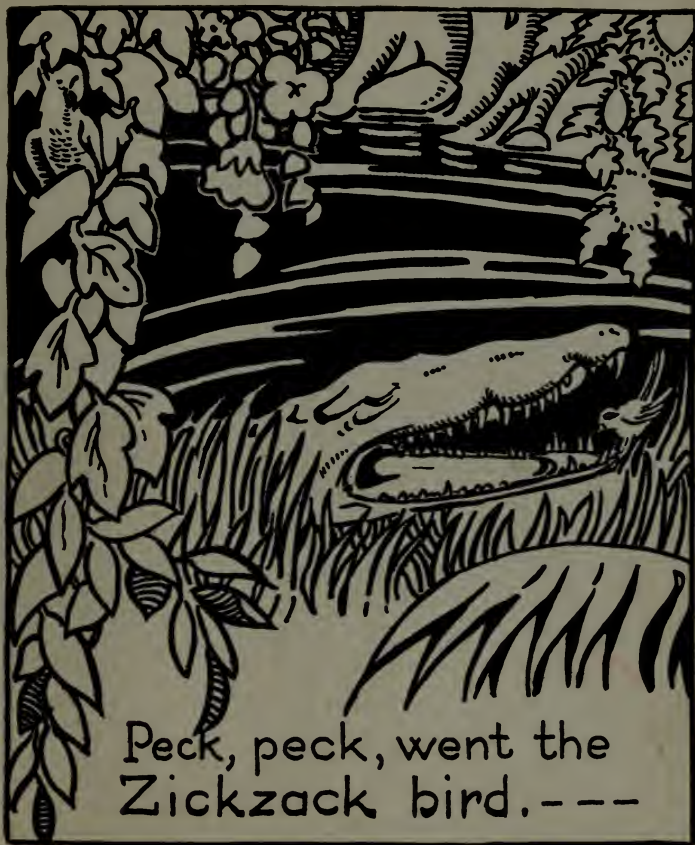




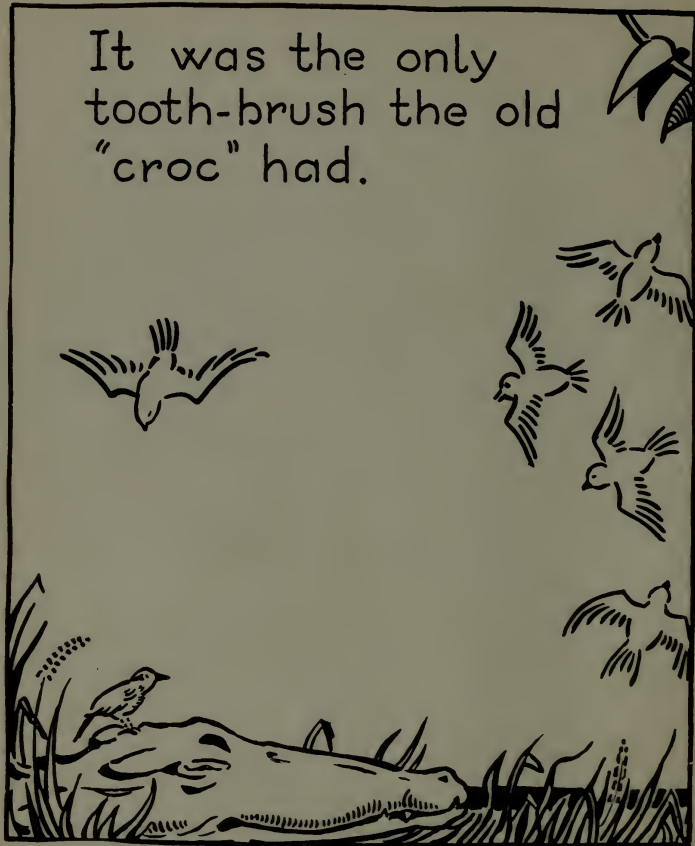
a tree near
the river, and the
"Croc" was under the tree.

Because a little bird
was picking his
teeth!!!!

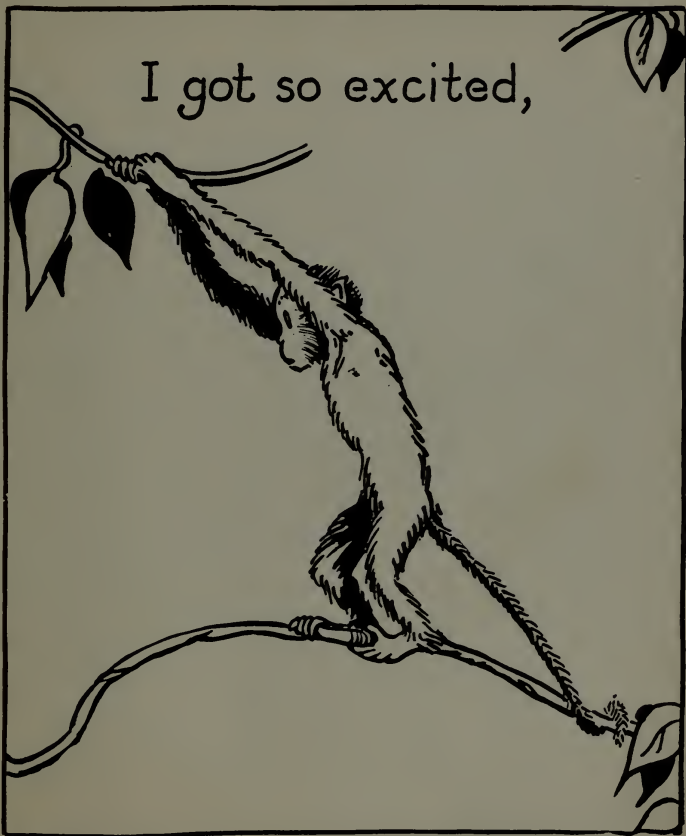




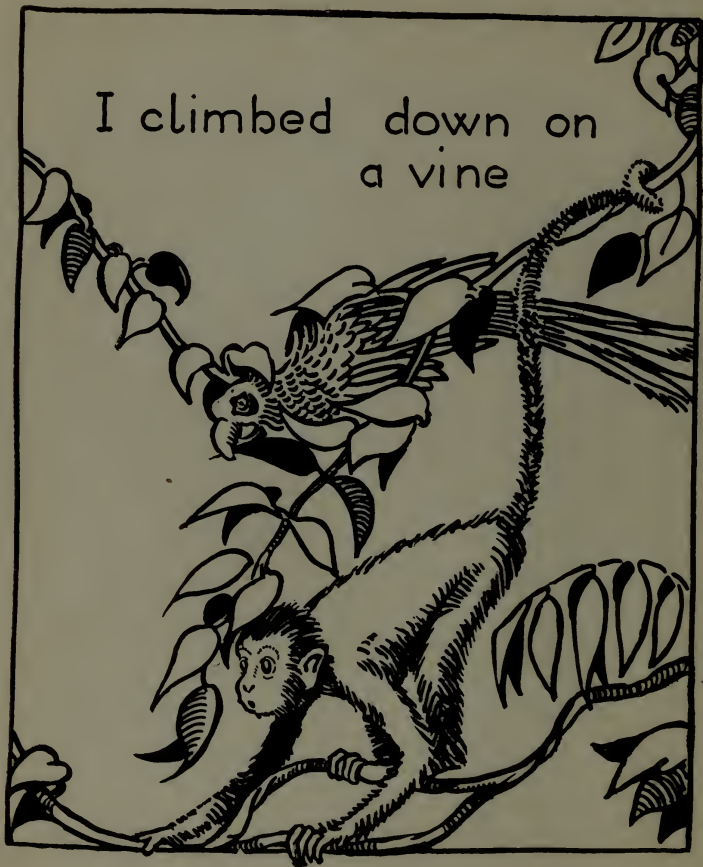
It was the only
tooth-brush the old
"croc" had.



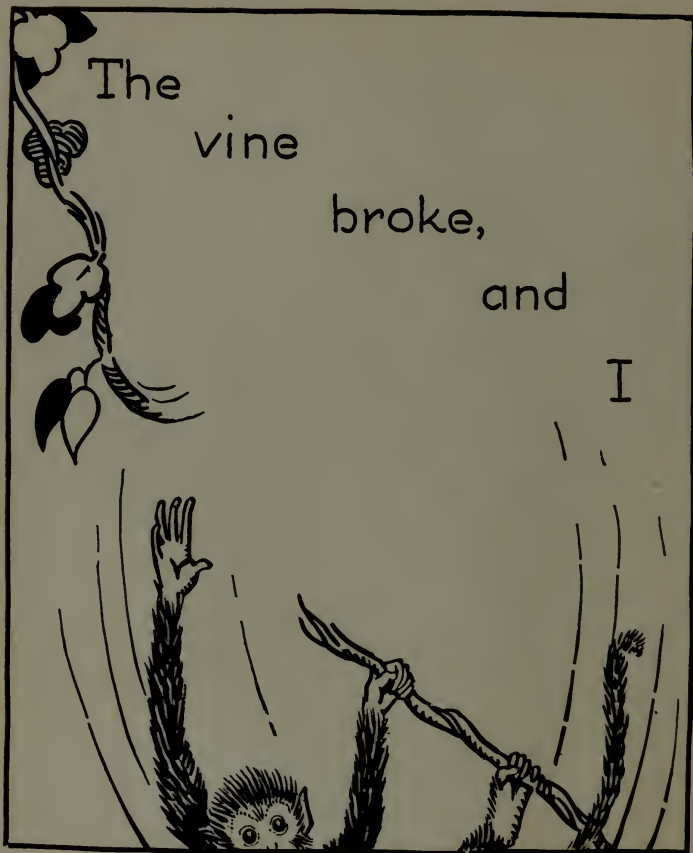
I got so excited,



I climbed down on
a vine







The

vine

broke,

and

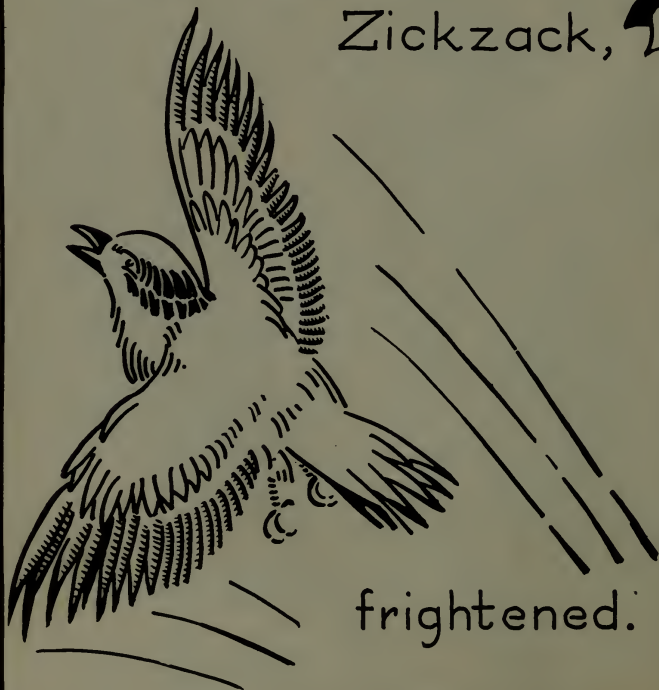
I



took a spill.

Away flew the

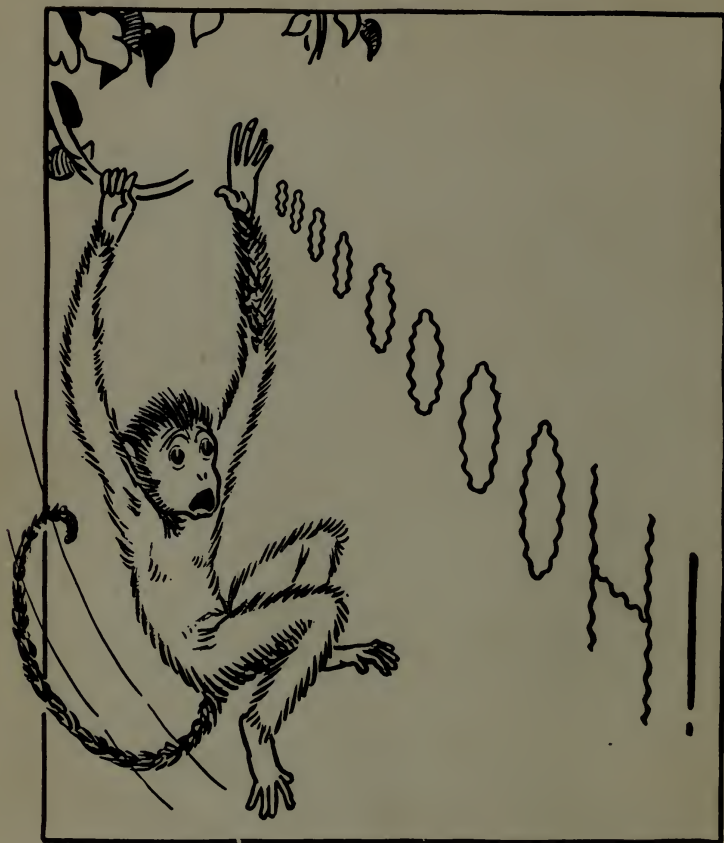
Zickzack,



frightened.

The horrible old "croc"
turned round and
saw me







He almost got me!

Then I screeched,



and scrambled up.

Just
in
time.

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The crocodile gave an
awful,
angry
bellow
and









